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POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

GLIMPSES OF HER

I know where you got
Your blushing cheeks,
Red rose;
And why you can bedeck
Yourself in blue,
O succory!

You too,
Fields of wheat,
Are in this plot.
You tried to keep
The secret of your grace
With the wind;
But we fools called poets
Understand your language.

And you, pure lilies of white,
You also I must call thieves.
But I'm glad you are!—
I'm glad you all are!
For Mary's journey is far-flung,
And I must see
A glimpse of her
As she trips along.
So blush your reddest, my rose!
Show me her eyes, my succory!
Dance again, O fields of wheat!

Benjamin Rosenbaum

And you, my lilies, just be white
As her little white hands.

MY PURPLE GOWN FROM TYRE

Pink azaleas and dogwood
Are crowded close at my feet.
Whitethroats and warblers
Are weaving a trail between the trees
And cobalt-golden sky.
Now I'll mount Ole Tony and ride
The rolling fields!
Old Ninevah's riches will be around me,
And my overalls will be
My purple gown from Tyre!

Benjamin Rosenbaum

THE FEARLESS

As Winter, fleeing,
Leaves the shreds of its ermine
To be crunched into murk,
The fearless leave
Their names.

Mortimer J. Adler